

I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am all the more earnestly to pray, "Gather not my soul with the unrighteous."

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to those who are afflicted.

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity. And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly pay. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not as yet, in the main, at all disappointed. I have been a good deal disappointed as it regards myself in not keeping up to my own plans; but I now feel entirely reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better, no doubt, or I should have kept to my own. Had Samuel kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overthrown the house. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very cautiously by her better judgment; and I have lost my two noble boys, and other friends, if not my two eyes.

But "God's will, not mine, be done." I feel a comfortable hope that, like that erring servant of whom I have just been writing, even I may (through infinite mercy in Christ Jesus) yet "die in faith."

As to both the time and manner of my death, I have but very little trouble on that score, and am able to be (as you exhort) "of good cheer."

I send, through you, my best wishes to Mrs. W.—and her son George, and to all dear friends. May the God of our fathers, and God of the God and Savior of you all.

Farwell, till we meet again.

Your friend in truth, JOHN BROWN.

LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN IN PRISON.

The following letter from John Brown has been received by a gentleman in Boston:

CHARLESTON, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 15, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind mention of some things in my conduct here which you approve, is very comforting indeed to my mind. Yet I am conscious that you do not see more than justice. I do certainly feel that through divine grace I have endeavored to be faithful in a very few things; mingling with even these much of imperfection. I am certainly unworthy even to suffer affliction with the people of God, yet in infinite grace he has truly honored me. May the same grace enable me to serve him in a new obedience, through my little remainder of this life; and to rejoice in him forever. I cannot feel that God will suffer even the poorest servant he may any of us render him or his cause to be lost or vain. I do feel, dear brother, that I am wonderfully strengthened on high.

May I use that strength in "showing his strength" upon this generation, and his power to every one that is to come. I am most grateful for your assurance that my poor, shattered, heart-broken family will not be forgotten. I have long tried to recommend them to the God of my fathers. I have many opportunities for faithful prayer, and I desire in this region, which I trust are not entirely misperceived. I humbly trust that I truly believe that "God reigns," and I think I can truly say, "Let the earth rejoice." May God take care of his own cause, and of his own great name, as well as of those who love their neighbors.

Farwell! Yours in truth, JOHN BROWN.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

In the palace days of Judge Jeffries, when men were convicted of treason upon mere suspicion, there is no record of his having forced a prisoner to confess upon these distant charges, and totally different from the other, and each one, if true, by the jury's verdict, punishable with death. This judicial outrage upon all the guarantees and sanctities of a court of justice has been left for the chivalry of Virginia to perpetrate upon John Brown. The indictment charges him with three crimes: first, inciting slaves to insurrection, and murder; and all of these crimes, in Virginia, are followed with the penalty of death. In vain did the old man insist that he ought not to be tried for his life upon all these charges, and with standing before the faces of the judges, and the extraordinary consummation might be reached, of his being sentenced to death with only four jurors finding him guilty of any one crime. What would be thought, even here in Kansas, of trying a man upon an indictment which charged him, first, with stealing a horse, second, with assault and battery with intent to kill; and thirdly, with burglary? There is not a court of justice in Kansas, or in the entire North—and perhaps we might add, the entire South, excepting always cases that in any way involve the safety of the "peculiar institution" that would trample upon the rights of the prisoner. And yet, of just such oppression, and distortion of the rules of justice, does the Virginia court stand before the world convicted.

But there is another feature of this so-called trial, more revolting and infamous than the first. The officers alleged against him were all within, and constituted, one indictment. One jury man might find, in his own mind, that he was guilty of treason, and not of inciting insurrection among slaves, nor of murder. Two more might believe him justly charged with homicide, and innocent of the other two charges; and so the extraordinary consummation might be reached, of his being sentenced to death with only four jurors finding him guilty of any one crime. What would be thought, even here in Kansas, of trying a man upon an indictment which charged him, first, with stealing a horse, second, with assault and battery with intent to kill; and thirdly, with burglary? There is not a court of justice in Kansas, or in the entire North—and perhaps we might add, the entire South, excepting always cases that in any way involve the safety of the "peculiar institution" that would trample upon the rights of the prisoner. And yet, of just such oppression, and distortion of the rules of justice, does the Virginia court stand before the world convicted.

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JOHN BROWN AS A HERO.

The brave old man who lies in prison at Charleston, Virginia, awaiting the day of his execution, is teaching this nation lessons of heroism, of faith, and of duty, which will awaken its sluggish moral sense, and the almost forgotten memories of the heroes of the Revolution. Like the unspoken address prepared by Algernon Sydney for the scaffold, which was preserved in duplicate by a friend to teach posterity the essential rights of man, and from which Jefferson borrowed much of the thought and phrase of the Declaration of Independence, the brief address of Brown to the Virginia Court about to sentence him for approved crimes—which at the worst is but a tale of devotion to freedom and humanity—will outlive that sentence, and in the opinion of mankind will make Brown the judge, and the Court the criminal.

No man can study the demeanor of Brown during his trial, and read his final speech to the Court, without feeling that with all his errors of judgment, and his fatal mistake in the mode of his attack upon slavery, this fervent old man is exhibiting a type of heroism which the world has hardly seen since

Cromwell and Sidney shook tyrants with terror. Calm, self-consistent, courteous toward his accusers and his judge, benign in feeling toward all men, mild and patient under personal injury, yet inflexibly committed to the cause of human freedom, undaunted by the presence of death, despising every subterfuge and expedient for his deliverance, conscious of the purity of his motive and the essential rightness of his object, faithful in God as his trust, he stands not only a brave man in a community of cowards, but a moral hero and prophet in the presence of a nation.

While it is the duty of the slave patiently to endure his lot so long as he sees no way out of it, it is wrong for him when, by swift and strong strength, he can seize the opportunity of freedom, to do so. It is wrong in the sight of God for any man to help him in this by peaceful means. While the oppressed must suffer patiently so long as there is no hope of redress, it is wrong for them, when they see a reasonable prospect of freedom, to rise to achieve their own emancipation? The Washington was the chief of traitors. Is this reserved right of revolution, in all oppressed communities, confined to race and color? Is it not the right of the Italian as well as the Greek, of the Anglo-African as well as the American? Is it not the right of the oppressed to rise and demand the attempt at revolution by the oppressed of the South, would it be any greater wrong for any man to identify his power and his life with their cause, than it was for Lafayette and Kosciuszko to bare their steel for American independence? If John Brown, as he so pertinently asks, had not interfered to deliver two of the first families of Virginia from captivity in Mexico, would not every Virginian have applauded the deed? Of course he would have gone upon such a brave adventure at his own peril, liable to be executed by Mexican law. But would any Virginian have thought him guilty of a crime? Virginians forget that slavery involves a permanent state of war between the conquerors and the conquered. Hostilities may be long suspended, but are liable at any moment to be renewed. John Brown, the crusader, came to Virginia in the interest of the weak, or of the two hostile powers upon her soil. He failed of course; but the wrong of his act lies neither in the motive that prompted it, nor in the object which he aimed—the emancipation of the captives—but in attempting what was desperately hopeless, and, therefore, unwarrantable. The "dignity of his deportment on his trial, and of his speech to the Court, has almost redeemed the madness of the act. The day of John Brown's execution will be a sorry day for Virginia. Her Governor will see the ghost of Banquo in the Council-room, and in his very bed-chamber. Troops of imaginary horrors will scare sleep from the eyes of her slaveholders, and the blood of the hero will sow her soil with quick and direful retribution.—Independent.

And what is it that is thus on trial before the great public of these United States? What is it that is undergoing the scrutiny of the eager eyes? What is it that will be hung up on the gallows in the gaze of all men? Not John Brown, but Slavery! John Brown has already received the verdict of the people as a brave and honest man. Governor Wise himself has told the world that he never saw such courage, such integrity, such sincerity, as he saw in that wounded old man at Harper's Ferry, indicted for murder and treason. The letters of Brown, and his speeches to the Court, have convinced all men that Governor Wise read truly. Misguided as he was by his zeal for the oppressor, each totally different from the other, and each one, if true, by the jury's verdict, punishable with death. This judicial outrage upon all the guarantees and sanctities of a court of justice has been left for the chivalry of Virginia to perpetrate upon John Brown. The indictment charges him with three crimes: first, inciting slaves to insurrection, and murder; and all of these crimes, in Virginia, are followed with the penalty of death. In vain did the old man insist that he ought not to be tried for his life upon all these charges, and with standing before the faces of the judges, and the extraordinary consummation might be reached, of his being sentenced to death with only four jurors finding him guilty of any one crime. What would be thought, even here in Kansas, of trying a man upon an indictment which charged him, first, with stealing a horse, second, with assault and battery with intent to kill; and thirdly, with burglary? There is not a court of justice in Kansas, or in the entire North—and perhaps we might add, the entire South, excepting always cases that in any way involve the safety of the "peculiar institution" that would trample upon the rights of the prisoner. And yet, of just such oppression, and distortion of the rules of justice, does the Virginia court stand before the world convicted.

How could Brown challenge a jury with reference to their opinion upon all these charges? The officers alleged against him were all within, and constituted, one indictment. One jury man might find, in his own mind, that he was guilty of treason, and not of inciting insurrection among slaves, nor of murder. Two more might believe him justly charged with homicide, and innocent of the other two charges; and so the extraordinary consummation might be reached, of his being sentenced to death with only four jurors finding him guilty of any one crime. What would be thought, even here in Kansas, of trying a man upon an indictment which charged him, first, with stealing a horse, second, with assault and battery with intent to kill; and thirdly, with burglary? There is not a court of justice in Kansas, or in the entire North—and perhaps we might add, the entire South, excepting always cases that in any way involve the safety of the "peculiar institution" that would trample upon the rights of the prisoner. And yet, of just such oppression, and distortion of the rules of justice, does the Virginia court stand before the world convicted.

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his life should have to pay the forfeit. In another age, when this institution shall be among the absolute errors of the past, the page of history will record this name, John Brown, as that of a martyr to universal and impartial liberty.—N. Y. Christian Inquirer.

The Liberator.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 2, 1859.

EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.

A public meeting will be held at the Tremont Temple, on FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 2, with reference to the Execution of Captain John Brown, at Charleston, Virginia, on that day. Admission free. The meeting will be addressed by Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARK, JOHN Q. A. GRIFFIN, Esq., Rev. DANIEL C. EDDY, Rev. J. SELLA MARTIN, Wm. LLOYD GARRISON, and others. A collection will be taken up, which, after defraying actual expenses, will be added to the fund for the relief of JOHN BROWN.

THE DAY AND THE DEED! To-day is the time assigned for the martyrdom of Capt. John Brown, at Charleston, Virginia. That it will take place, beyond a peradventure, there can be no doubt; for of all brutal and savage men, even to the extreme of ferocity, there are none equal to the Southern men-stealers as a body. That it will give a staggering blow to slavery, and a powerful impetus to the cause of freedom, is not less certain;—and so out of it we derive much strength and comfort, even in the fulness of our sorrow. No such loss of day has the South ever before seen. Ah! Gov. Wise—

"If the assassin could trammel up the consequences, and catch, with his sucrose, success!" But that is not possible. You can only exclaim with Macbeth—

"We have scotch'd the snake, not killed it; She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth."

That shake us mightily! Better be with the dead, Whom we can gain our place, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy."

You have done your worst, but John Brown 'still lives'!

That, when the brains were out, the man would die, And there an end; but now, they rise again, With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools."

The responsibility for all the lives lost and blood shed at Harper's Ferry rests primarily and most heavily upon those who have condemned John Brown to a death which it is not in their power to make ignominious. They may truly declare—

"We but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor: This even-headed justice Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice To our own lips."

When such a man as John Brown is brought to the scaffold as a traitor, we may take up the lamentation:

"Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing, But who knows nothing, is once grave to smile; Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air, Are made, not marked."

"It sinks beneath the yoke; It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds."

Pity for whatever was misguided in the attempt of the liberty-loving John Brown will give place to universal admiration of his noble traits of character:—

"Beside, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties to meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hor'd Upon the sightless covenants of the air, Shall tear down the woe."

DEAR MR. GARRISON.—Thinking that you may not see our daily paper, I enclose a little poem from the pen of David Barker, Esq., of Exeter, Maine, which appeared in the *Jeffersonian*, (Republican) and *Times*, (Douglas-Democrat), a few days since. Perhaps you may deem it worthy of insertion in the *Liberator*.

Yours, truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

TO JOHN BROWN.

BY DAVID BARKER.

Stand firm, John Brown, till your fate is o'er, For the world, with an anxious eye, Looks on the hero, and the brave, And the hour of your doom draws nigh.

Stand firm, John Brown! Dread not the blow that a coward deals, And fear not the tyrant's nod, Doubt not the end of the work you would shape, For you're shaping the work of God.

Stand firm, John Brown! The Outer John Brown they will torture and kill, And tumble into its grave, But the Inner John Brown they cannot trouble still, By its whisperings round with the slave.

Stand firm, John Brown! Death nears you, John Brown, Old Outer John Brown, And marks you as food for the worm; Nor death nor the worm can harm Inner John Brown, So Inner John Brown, stand firm!

Stand firm, John Brown! Exeter, November, 1859.

LECTURE BY CARL SCHURZ. The Tremont Temple was well filled on Tuesday evening last, on the occasion of the ninth lecture of the Fraternity Course, which was delivered by Carl Schurz, Esq., of Wisconsin. Among those present on the platform were the Hon. Charles Sumner, who was hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The subject selected for the lecture was "Reforms and Revolutions," which he treated in a masterly manner, drawing very many of his illustrations from the past history and present condition of France, which he has carefully studied and thoroughly comprehended.

At the close of the lecture, a call arose for Sumner. The cry was caught up, and repeated from every part of the hall with such enthusiasm and earnestness that Mr. Sumner, who was about retiring from the platform, was appealed to by the President, and finally consented to come forward. Then he was greeted with redoubled applause and acclamations, and cheer after cheer arose from the enthusiastic audience. When the tumult of the welcome had ceased, Mr. Sumner spoke briefly as follows:—

Fellow-Citizens!—This occasion does not belong to me, but to the distinguished gentleman from Wisconsin, whose address to-night has been marked, at once, allow me to say, by knowledge, sagacity, and elevated sentiment, while it has been delivered with a grace and eloquence which may make us all forget that the English tongue was not the language he spoke in his infancy.

You know me too, well to suppose I can be indifferent to your good will expressed here to-night. It makes me happy and proud; but beyond the satisfaction of seeing face to face so many of my friends and neighbors, whom I have the honor of representing in another place, I have a special delight in the concert of a struggle, a well man. (Loud and prolonged applause.) They only who have lost their health can know the delight of health regained.

Fellow-citizens, accept my thanks for the kindness with which you have honored me. I go to-morrow to resume my duties in another place, and I shall feel stronger for your sympathy.

Hearty cheers were given at the close of these brief remarks, and the great audience dispersed, delighted with the events of the evening.

MRS. DALL'S LECTURE.

On Saturday afternoon, 19th inst., Mrs. Dall delivered the third and last lecture of her admirable course on the importance of independent and self-supporting occupations for women. This was chiefly devoted to the suggestion, (and elaboration, as far as time permitted,) of plans for the more thorough occupation of ground already, to some extent, occupied and improved by women. It must be remembered that Mrs. Dall's main idea is, not to have more women press into the field of subordinate and half-paid labor, (which, in fact, can be called half-paid only by exaggeration,) but to have enterprise used in business affairs, by women as it is by men, each taking up, and assuming the direction of, such branches of useful and lucrative employment as her means, tastes and capacities will allow.

For instance, Mrs. Dall had already complained that the wages of women who sew for the shop-keepers, always miserably inadequate, were still further depreciated by the habit of well-to-do farmers' wives and daughters taking this work for their unoccupied hours, by way of gaining a little spending-money; and thus taking the very bread out of the mouths of poor sewing-girls in the cities. Now, at the very moment while they are spending their time in work so little profitable to them, and so ruinous to their poorer sisters, a very large, lucrative, and constantly increasing business is done in preserving, pickling, and the preparation of fruits and vegetables, in various ways, for keeping through the winter, or for an indefinite time. But this great and increasing business is done, and the immense profits of it are monopolized, by a few men, the managers of immense establishments in the cities. Why should not the farmers' wives and daughters (on whose premises the fruits and vegetables are grown, and who understand the arts of pickling and preserving, and drying of fruits and vegetables, and who might easily learn the method of preparing cooked food for exportation in air-tight cans,) use their leisure hours for occupations like these, their natural employments, instead of stealing, as they do, the very lives of the poor seamstresses?

This is but one of the many highly valuable and solidly practical suggestions made by Mrs. Dall in this lecture. She also sketched the plan of an intelligence office, very far superior, in its benefit both to employers and employed, to any of the present ones; of a Labor Exchange, in which temporary wants and occasional emergencies in domestic life might be supplied; and of a Restaurant for the middle and poorer classes; of a public Laundry, in which opportunities of washing, clothes-drying and ironing might be hired by poor women, on terms cheap to them, and yet profitable to the establishment; of a training school for servants; of a knitting-factory, &c. &c.

These lectures are shortly to be published. Nevertheless, so few in any one town buy books of this sort, and so important are the ideas, the facts, and the plans of practical usefulness which these lectures contain, that the friends of improvement in any town in Massachusetts could hardly do a more useful thing than to procure a place, and bring together an audience, to hear them in their original form, from the mouth of the author.—C. K. W.

MOVEMENT.

At the appearance of any indication of manifest progress, we are accustomed to hear it said—"The world moves." We are happy to announce that symptoms of vitality have appeared in a still more inert body, and that it may now be proclaimed as a settled fact that—the church moves! Here is the evidence, which we find in the *Congregationalist* of the 18th ult.

At a fully attended meeting of the Winthrop Church in Chelsea, (Rev. Mr. Plumb's), on Monday evening last, action was taken on the two important subjects of slavery and women's rights.

Some resolutions upon slavery had previously been introduced, discussed, and "partially adopted"; but, after much debate, the following was substituted—"as being less objectionable to the strongly conservative portion of the church—and passed by a unanimous vote:—

"Resolved, That in view of the continued aggression of slavery in our country—the disposition exhibited in the Southern States to uphold this enormous sin by arguments from the Bible—and the proposed opening of the foreign slave trade, with the horrible and connected therewith—we deeply regret the apathy which prevails upon this subject in so many of our churches, and will labor and pray that the time may speedily come when the whole church may see eye to eye, and exert its united influence to exterminate this great sin from our land."

It is delightful to see how ready the members of this church are to "bear one another's burdens." If the fanatically radical brethren will yield so far as to propose resolutions less objectionable than some others, the strongly conservative brethren will do their share of concession, and give a unanimous vote to the said less objectionable measures, even when, as in the present case, they go so far as to "regret the apathy" which prevails upon this subject!

But this is a trifle compared with the energetic action which followed. Having received this impulse in the path of reform, they rush forward at snail-speed, make "several" important changes, and rescind an old rule! Block up one of the old paths which they have been accustomed to walk in! Here is the evidence:—

"The By-Laws of the church were also brought before the meeting for revision, and several important changes were adopted. Provision was made for a regular business meeting once in two months, and an old rule was rescinded, which excluded the presence of the female members of the church from all business meetings of importance, involving discussion and votes."

If this church goes on at this rate, before the present century is completed, they will get a unanimous vote to declare the Golden Rule less objectionable than some other rules.—C. K. W.

At a meeting of the colored citizens of Worcester, held Tuesday evening, it was proposed, among other things, that on Friday next, they should abstain from their usual labor and employment, from 11 o'clock, A. M. till 3 P. M., and wear crapes for one week from that date as a token of their bereavement.

The colored citizens of Montreal have resolved to set apart the day fixed for Brown's execution, for fasting and prayer to Almighty God in his behalf. To this end they will have a public prayer meeting at 9 A. M., an appropriate discourse at 10 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening a public meeting for the purpose of giving expression to their sentiments in relation to slavery.

Dr. Howe and a Mr. Stearns of Boston will address the meeting.

There will be a public meeting in the Town Hall at Northampton this Friday afternoon, the time when John Brown is to be hung in Virginia. A notice to that effect was read in most of the churches last Sabbath. Similar meetings will also be held in Haverhill, Abington, Natick and Providence.

The citizens of Milford hold a public meeting on the evening of the day of Brown's execution, and toll the bell hung on their town-house.

The local meetings, called to be held this day throughout the Free States, in reference to the case of John Brown, are very numerous.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisements in another column of the "Life of John Brown," soon to be published by Thayer & Eldridge, and of the portrait of Freedom's martyr, for sale by C. H. Brainard; also, to the notice of the Committee appointed to solicit aid for Capt. Brown's family. We are requested to state, that Mr. Redpath, who is preparing the "Life," will be glad to receive any letters, or other memorials of Capt. Brown, that may be in the possession of friends.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

The publication of the following interesting letter has been unavoidably deferred till now.

MONTEUX, VAUD, SWITZER, 20 Sept. 1859.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON:—This is the day when the Crown Prince of Russia, heir apparent to the throne, becomes of age; and his father has wisely chosen this as the Day of Freedom for the Serfs of his vast Empire. It is pleasant for an Emperor to have the day of his majority that also of the liberation of 22,000,000 of his subjects. It is proper I should write to you on this day, who have imperishably connected your name with the cause of freedom in America—a freedom, however, yet to be accomplished for 4,000,000 of our fellow-citizens. So far as I can find out, the Emperor was not moved to this great act of enfranchisement either by a moral sentiment of justice and philanthropy, or by an intellectual idea, whose development required such a noble act. But (1) he wished to diminish the power of his nobles, who own all the serfs and form an aristocracy often hostile to him, and always dangerous; (2) he feared an insurrection of the serfs themselves, who often rise against their owner, burn his houses and butcher his family, and may at any time cause him a deal of trouble; (3) he wished to increase the revenue, and had the sense to see that a population of free, industrious men is more profitable in the tax-paying line than a horde of slaves. However, the work is far from being done; only a beginning is made as yet. The affair is one of great complication and difficulty. Many of the nobles oppose it, and throw obstacles in the way. Then there are questions of finance, questions of military recruits, questions of mortgage, and questions of pauperism to be settled. Commissioners have been appointed to examine the matter, report the facts, and tell the means for overcoming the difficulties. Some of these Commissioners have already reported, but it will be five or ten years, perhaps twenty, before the business is fully accomplished. So hard a work is it to overcome the wickedness of long centuries. But what helps the matter greatly is this—the master and slave are of the same race and nation; so, when a man is free, the stigma is wiped off from him and his children for ever—while with us, alas! the Ethiopian does not change his skin, and hatred of the negro race continues and applies to the free as to the bond; the distinction is ineffaceable. So the American problem of liberation is vastly more difficult than the Russian, for when the legal chain is broke, the work of real emancipation—which is elevation to self-respect, to free individuality of soul and body—is only begun.

In St. Croix, the brute part of emancipation, is accomplished, that is all. It is a great deal—the indispensable first step to all the rest. But it will take three or four generations I fear, to do the spiritual part of that great work, even there.

It is painful to see how unwillingly the oppressor parts with his power to harm. In Russia—I mean certain parts of the Empire in special-drunkness—has been the great curse of the common people; it is so in all Northern lands, where the grape does not furnish a moderate stimulant. Some benevolent people got up temperance societies, as with us, and the vice was checked. But the liquor consumed was whiskey, made out of potatoes or out of grain raised by the great landed proprietors, who found a market close at hand in the distilleries, or often owned the distilleries themselves. These proprietors found their profits destroyed by the decrease of drunkenness. So they petitioned the Emperor to put down the temperance societies. They tell him (1) the royal revenue will be impaired, for if men don't drink whiskey, they won't have to pay the excise tax on it; and (2) they themselves will be injured by not finding a market for the only produce of their lands! Such is the true spirit of an *Oligarchy*—the spirit of *Nobles!* I don't find the people—I mean, the great mass of men, in the common ways of life—doing such things. A few years ago, in a large district in Sweden, the farmers—who owned the land they tilled with their own hands—went and pulled down the distilleries which were turning potatoes and rye into all manner of mischief; others petitioned the government to make a law to enforce temperance. The spirit of *Oligarchy* is the spirit of a clique—that of the People, in large multitudes, is a little different; and as you would trust your property, liberty, life to a jury of twelve common men, with their natural instinct of justice and humanity, rather than to a single judge, however well cultivated, so it is to the great mass of mankind, the universal jury, we must appeal for help in all great works. It was the British people, not the House of Lords or the Church, that set free 800,000 negroes in the West Indies.

I find by the *Invalides Russes*, the great Russian newspaper, that some of the nobles think their Order must fall with the emancipation of the serfs, and say, "If there are no serfs in Russia, then there can be no nobles!" You would think it was our Southern masters at home who were talking. But here, nobility pretends the serfs are of an inferior race, that cannot be civilized, &c. I hope hereafter the Anti-Slavery Society will do honor to the 20th Sept., 1859, which inaugurated the emancipation of 22,000,000 men. I wish it effected it, but thank God for the beginning.

I see by the European and American papers, that the African slave trade is in full career, and some say that 15,000 were imported in the last twelve months. I make no doubt that is a little exaggerated; but the fact seems certain that the slave trade is re-opened. The next step is to legalize the trade. That may be done by the Supreme Court of the United States any day, when a case is brought before it; or, as in the *Dred Scott* decision, when the matter is *non coram Jure*, let the judge see fit to volunteer an opinion; or it might be done by the Congress. The Supreme Court is now ready, and perhaps has sent word to the slaveholders of the South that "Barkis is willing!" So I shall not be surprised if the Court thus decides this winter; still less shall I be sorry for the sooner the slave trade is put to rest, and the better; we must destroy that Unclean Beast, but it must do more mischief before the people will undertake to get rid of the unclean creature. Congress will not consent to the African slave trade, even if the Supreme Court take the initiative, and by judge-law attempt to control the legislation of the people. The restoration of the African slave trade will turn out a stronger anti-slavery measure than any of the great acts of the Slave Power since the 7th of March, 1856. A good many politicians, North and South, will be laid out stiff and cold and stark dead, on that (democratic) plank. Let them be borne to their political burial, and may their last end be like that of John Tyler, who never went down into the Old Dominion alone, and has never been since heard from until this day. The slave-breeding States must oppose the African

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POETRY.

For the Liberator.
TO THE REV. SAMUEL J. MAY,
On his visit to England, 1850.

We heard of thee, noble friend of the slave,
Friend of the wronged and oppressed;
For, worn with the burden and heat of the day,
God's tired laborer needed rest.

And we hoped to see thee with Spring's leaves and
flowers,
Still waited and hoped, day by day;
Till, amid the full splendor of Summer's bright reign,
We welcome ANOTHER MAY!

We heard thy grand words of Love, Freedom, and
Truth;
Thy thrilling like a war-trumpet's call,
That bid'st Christ's valiant soldiers arm for the fight,
Stern hearts that no dangers appal.

We saw, with delight, how in calm, social hours
A true-hearted man dares unbend;
And innocent mirth, and wit, gentle as bright,
Charm the circle who claim thee as friend.

Oh, that 'mid thy still widening circle of friends,
The Good, and the True, and the Free,
All whose love and whose reverence here thou hast
won,
May recall pleasant memories to thee!

And God grant, in the Master's vineyard to toil,
His brave workman fresh health and strength,
Till its spreading stems, bending with glorious fruit,
Reward all thy labors at length. TENDERDENT, (England.)

For the Liberator.

WEBSTER'S STATUE AT BOSTON.

With what regretful feelings did we read,
How Massachusetts, thy degenerate sons,
Sons of those pilgrims who, for conscience sake,
Dared warn, dared shipwreck, dared dialy prove
To liberty, to conscience, should forget
To all are given two great commands:
'Love God, your Father, first; and, next to him,
(Jesus saith) 'Love a brother's skin.'
Love all mankind, your brethren, as yourselves.

Talent and genius are rich, heaven-sent gifts,
And men bow down before them, and forget,
Though they exalt a man above his fellows,
His God's servant still; as such, must give
A strict account to his most righteous Lord.

O, richly gifted Webster! hadst thou, then,
Power to revisit Boston, when its crowds
Did such mad, reverent homage to thy statue,
As ignorant heathens, worshipping carved gods,
What deep repentance for those gifts mispent,
For opportunities lost, and past recall,
For treason against conscience, hadst thou felt!

Once didst thou call the negro thy dark brother,
Once feel, once advocate the equal rights
Of all thy countrymen, whatever their race.
O, poor, heart-broken, disappointed man!
Who, Esau-like, impatient, grieved up
Thy great, thy glorious birthright, thy true freedom,
Hungered after power, and the applause
Of men thou couldst not but secretly despise:
O, thou heart-broken man! hadst thou then heard
The noise of shouts and music, which arose,
Like that from Dura's plain, when the proud king,
Nebuchadnezzar, bade his subjects kneel
Before his statue, with what pangs of shame
Had thy awakened heart its sin confessed;
Its guilt, its vast, its terrible mistake!
And, deeply penitent, humbly declared,
That to atone for all the mass of wrongs
Thy cruel, wicked law caused the poor slaves—
For all the ill thy words, thy influence,
And thy example add to their hard lot—
Thou, Boston's worshipped one, wouldst gladly bear
Even the fate of the poor fugitive,
When, vainly flying from his degradation,
He hears the human bound's voice, as it cheers
Its aid, the bloodhound, rushing on to seize,
And tear him—him thy brutal law has doomed;
Humbly hadst thou declared, that to annul
Thy terrible results; the bloodhound's fangs,
The lash, the untold tortures—even that death,
When the slow fire consumes the shriveled frame.

There was a hero-prophet in old times,
Who stood erect amid a prostrate crowd
Of Baal's worshippers. Not one alone
Was he in Israel; for ten thousand more
Brave men and women steadfastly refused
All idol worship—steadfastly refused,
Loyalty to conscience; joined no crowd,
However rich or great, in doing evil.
Honor, due honor to like noble ones.
The sons and daughters of the Pilgrim State,
Loyal to principle, loyal to Christ;
That Christ who taught, who lived the law of love
To God and man; that Christ who gave his life,
A willing sacrifice, to prove his faith
In this ennobling, generous, God-made law.

Tenderdents, (England.)

WE publish the following effusion as sent to us,
leaving our readers to decide for themselves as to the
authorship of it. Its sentiments at least are true, and
its spirit commendable.—[Ed. Lib.]

(From the Spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Dr. Sill's.)

DEDICATED TO JOHN BROWN.

BY DR. T. JOHN LEWIS.

'LIBERTY OR DEATH!'

No! Massachusetts cannot give
The boon thy soul dost fondly crave;
The poor and patient fugitive
Must on her soil sustain a BLAZE.

Her Bunker Hill, where patriot blood
In Freedom's cause was freely spent,
Cannot a shelter give to thee,
Beneath its towering monument!

For tyrants even there may tread,
And hunt the flying bondman down;
May walk the spot which Warren's blood
Made ever-consecrated ground.

Nor Faneuil Hall can open its door
To give a welcome unto thee;
Thou canst not press its sacred floor,
And think thyself as truly free!

O, no! poor slave, thou canst not find
A home where man for freedom fell—
Thy oppressor there thy limbs may bind,
And force thee back to Slavery's hell!

In other lands, 'neath other skies,
Thy flying form must seek alone
The boon America denies—
The precious right thyself to own!

And there in peace thou mayst enjoy
The blessing England gives to thee;
No tyrant foot dare touch her soil,
To snatch away thy liberty!

What a disgrace! that America's gifted sons,
and unlawful bondmen, whose fathers' blood was spilled
for universal freedom, are now obliged to seek their
freedom under the lion's-paw of monarchial England—
O! give us liberty, or give us death!—I
am going to believe that God is a respecter of
persons.—[JOHN BROWN.]

The hand of history will write
The virtues of thy noble soul.

J. Q. A.

THE LIBERATOR.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.
Delivered at a Public Meeting held in the Tremont
Temple, Boston, Nov. 20th, in aid of the Family of
John Brown.

I hardly know, ladies and gentlemen, what there is
left for me to say in regard to the cause which has
called us together to-night. Certainly, the speakers
who have addressed us have covered almost all the
points which would be spoken of naturally, in a meeting
like this. It is hard to say anything, gleaming after
them. And it is an unwelcome pleasure to me to know
that a clergyman of the Old South pulpit has taken
from me the choicest morsel of the speech I was about
to make. (Laughter.) No man could come to this
meeting, Boston-born, without that parallel in his
mind which he has so eloquently presented to us, of
the massacre of the 5th of March. Then, as now,
full-fed Conservatism said it was 'madness—a few in-
sane men flogging themselves against an empire.
Then, as now, the question was before the courts,
and the courts pronounced the law to be against the
martyrs of the 5th of March. They acquitted the
men who shot Attucks. My eloquent friend has
omitted only one point of the parallel. Then, as
now, the citizens flocked to the Old South Church
as the appropriate place to express their indignation;
and to-day, we do not go to the Old South Church,
but, thank God! the Old South Church comes to us,
speaking for us better than we can for ourselves.

I like this Old 'South-side View of Slavery.' (Ap-
plause.) It smacks of the revolution of the
flavor. If there is truth in Spiritualism, the man
that stands in the pulpit of the Old South Church
is a medium between us and Joseph Warren and John
Hancock; for truly, the sentiments with which they
woke the patriotism of the town of Boston are identical
with the doctrine which he has preached to us to-
night. (Applause.) True, as he has told us, the
critical history of modern times has picked flaws in
the brave scenes of that March night; but he recollects
well, as I do, that in John Hancock's oration, and
Joseph Warren's, the men who felt the full force
of revolutionary fervor in their veins, and who felt
that, standing at the head of the Revolution, they
owed to the martyrs of the 5th of March—in none of
these contemporary judgments is there one word of
adverse criticism. On the contrary, there is the full
and most complete endorsement. I know modern
history has picked many flaws in the character of
the men of the 5th of March, and later down. At
this hour, as far as we can see, if we had asked God
to make us a man that should stand before the nation
as the representative of the American idea, unspotted,
dignified, modest, resolute, merciful and Chris-
tian, it would seem as if a more perfect representa-
tive could not have been given us than the martyr of
Harper's Ferry. (Applause.) In every word that he
has spoken, in every act that he has done, in the
whole history of the conflict and of every thing that
has followed it, in the long life upon which the blaze
of this event throws backward its light, there does
not seem to have been a trait that we cannot with a
whole heart honor. (Applause.) We have no apolo-
gies to make; we have no excuses to frame; we have
no incidents to hide; we have no words to take back.
It is the old Mayflower cropping out, and every son
of the Pilgrims is able truthfully to say, that what
he imagined Plymouth Rock, John Brown is. (Ap-
plause.) Read that simple recital in the *Independent*
from the lips of his wife; honest, truthful, kneeling
daily at his family altar, bringing up his children
with daily recognition of their allegiance to God,
banishing from his military troops, even in the tumult
of Kansas, every man whose lips were familiar with
a profane word, allowing neither intemperance nor
any thing that could be called sensuality, drawing to
himself the very model of the Puritan, passing his
life in that guise, with one polar star before him from
his first boyhood; for you know he says that the
first thought that ever turned his heart toward the
black race was when, on a Pennsylvania farm, a boy
of ten, he found himself yoke-fellow with a negro of
the same age—a smarter boy than himself, says the
old man, more capable, brighter, and yet he was half
starved, oppressed, turned out to the elements, treated
like a beast, and he said to himself (this thoughtful
boy of ten years old)—Why should a black skin
make that difference between me and him? and he
has never been able to answer that question until to-
day. His whole life has been an effort to answer it,
and if Virginia sends him to his aid, we may be-
lieve that the Supreme Judge will hold that he has
answered it at last. Look at him there in that Ar-
mor! Not an unnecessary act of violence, not a mo-
ment provoked into intemperate action—neither
by the death of his son nor comrades, nor by the
fury of assaults provoked into a forgetful moment.
What scene can history paint for us more impres-
sive—thank God, it is an American scene!—than that
old, poor man, brought up at his mother's knee, and
taught, in the language of inspiration, that 'the
lovely father or mother more than me is not worthy of
me'—leaves wife and children alone and needy,
standing in that Army hall, one hand holding the
musket, and the other feeling the pulse of his dying
son! Match it in the sublime moments of human
patience, disinterestedness, and daring! (Applause.)

What a contrast to the State of Virginia—a State
of national character! The man who indicted three
wounds upon his body testifies with shameless
pride, bearing a military title, that he entered that
Army, saw an unarmed, defenceless man, who had
acknowledged his surrender, and was pointed out to
him as John Brown, he advances toward him with his
sword, and wounds him through the body. The
wretch repeats the blow on that uncovered head.
'(Shame! Shame!') The man was asked, 'Could
you have the heart to strike the blow?' 'I would
have cut his head off with another,' said the cavalry
of Virginia, with the usual oath. Well, is not that,
with the folded arms and quiet demeanor, a proper
representative of what the Northern idea should be?
Could we ask a better symbol for history? Do you
say the world forgets him? I tell you such instances
mean more than they seem. They symbolize a uni-
versal feeling. Virginia has seen the only noble
heart that this event has manifested within her bor-
ders, a girl, throwing herself between the muskets
and the defenceless breast of one of the victims,
clinging to his head and neck to shield him from bay-
onet and bullet—Miss Foulke. She symbolized the
heart of Christendom, throwing itself between Vir-
ginia and that infirm old man; and Virginia will yet
wake to see herself in the ruffian, and Christianity
in that humane girl. (Applause.)

So much for the man. We come here to remember
his children, his wife. He looks back upon the world
he is quitting, and says to you who owe him the ex-
ample of his virtue, 'I leave to you my wife and chil-
dren.' Let us prove worthy of the legacy. Let us
send him a message to-night from Boston—'We lay
your wife and children in the very core of our
hearts; they shall be sheltered as our own; be sure
of it before you die.' Men say this enterprise was
hopeless, that it was an imprudent enterprise. Goethe
says there are prudent virtues, and there are higher
virtues—virtues that never remind us of prudence.
This is one of the latter. (Applause.) To be sure, it
was an imprudent virtue, but we have lived many
years, and we have heard of a great many instances
of imprudent virtue. I have lived twenty years in
Boston. I can remember a Western clergyman of this
same Mayflower blood—God be praised that it
ends out its reins East and West to bubble up
wherever it is needed, for wherever there is a fierce
battle to be fought for an idea, you can almost always
trace its lineage back to old Plymouth Rock. They
talk of building a monument of granite, and the

question down there is, where to fix its foundations.
Well, I tell you they may lay one corner-stone at
Harper's Ferry and the other at Alton, where Love-
joy flung his life away in the foolish attempt, so Boston
said, to vindicate a free press. An Attorney General
said in Faneuil Hall, 'He died as the fool dieth';
and a Boston pulpit said, 'The guilt of the murder
was not on the mobocrats, but on the man that died.'
The Boston press said, 'What a fool—what a fanatic—
what a failure—what good has he done?' If you will
go to Alton to-day, you will find that the repentant city
has taken up his ashes for more sacred interment, and
will yet build a more honorable monument to the
only name that gives a moral interest to Alton. Some-
times, ten years hence, you will not find this platform
so empty; all Boston will have found out that John
Brown's enterprise was not a failure. When did man
ever do more? Can you point me to a life, even if it
was seventy years long, and had statues raised to it,
that taught the American people half as much in sev-
enty years of public life as this Littlefield school-
master has taught us in a week? It seems to me that
in judging lives, this man, instead of being a failure,
has done more to lift the American people, to hurry
forward the settlement of a great question, to touch
all hearts, to teach us ethics, than a hundred men
could have done, living each one to eighty years old.
Is that a failure? The whole world talks about him.
Every man's heart is stirred because of him. A
great, bad State turns pale at the thought of him.
But an enraged town and drunken soldiery, starting
at the motion of a dry leaf, allow a stranger to re-
main among them, free from suspicion, when John
Brown, the chief prisoner, certifies that they may
trust the man! His word is better than a judge's
warrant or the State law, and saves a life which the
Constitution of the Union was impotent to shield!
The whole world will yet ring with the heroism of
his attempt. He has opened a light upon the Battle
of America. Is that a failure? Look at that anti-
slavery catechism, his conversation with Senator Ma-
son! See the New England farmer looming up a
great man, and the dwarf Judges and Senators that
stand about him, and the press printing that anti-
slavery catechism to the number of 500,000 copies, forc-
ing every American citizen to read it. Men say he
should remember that lead is wasted in bullets, and
much better made into types. Well, he fired one
bullet, and has had the use of the New York *Herald*
and *Tribune* to repeat its echoes for a fortnight. (Ap-
plause.) Has any man ever used types better? But
there is another item. What has he done? He has
done this. Edmund Burke says a nation that calls
itself a civilized society, and keeps one half its citizens
in slavery, is but another name for tyranny. John
Brown believed it. We see in this country despotism
doing great things illegally, and liberty doing great
things according to law. We have seen the Missouri
ruffians break into the United States army in the
United States of Missouri, take possession of the
United States army, carry them to Kansas, and
bathe them in the blood of honest men, and the
United States government has yet to utter its first
word of criticism. Sworn testimony, spread out on
the pages of a Congressional document, shows it;
and yet the government is silent. John Brown takes
possession of the United States army in Virginia,
and never touches a gun nor a dollar. The world
says he is a madman, guilty of treason, and the United
States government is about to try him; that is, to
try him in the person of his confederate. They ought
to have tried him at first, but you recollect, in the
words of the Dred Scott decision, the United States
government has no rights which Virginia is bound to
respect. The consequence is, that Virginia, after try-
ing most of the men, has left the United States gov-
ernment only a test man to try the question. Now,
John Brown takes these two principles. He says, by
every rule of ethics, this is no real government. Jus-
tice is but a sham in the government. I look up at
the United States government, and I see that it has
a rule that suits its party purposes, not justice. It
is not just, it is not impartial, it is not universal. Such
a man as our friend Brown who recognizes justice
as more than law, and right as his polar star, deter-
mines that he will do what in him lies to establish
justice. Men say that he is flinging away his life.
That is for him to judge. Men say that the result is
not worth the sacrifice. Suppose I could carry you
back to Boston streets, on the evening after Bunker
Hill fight. I will carry you into Hutchinson's house,
I will carry you into the parlors of any of the old
colonial families. You will hear them saying, 'What
a pity! Warren's dead; Hancock and Adams have
fled; there is a warrant out against them; those de-
lated editors, and Mayhew, and Warren, and Sam
Adams; how can these men answer it to the
widows and children? What fool a few farmers,
to fling themselves against the embattled phalanx
of the British Government!' It seemed so to
men who were accustomed to look up to England.
Doubtless the Tories strengthened themselves, and
many a patriot heart sank. But it was the beginning
of the end. Was Warren's life worth giving? What
did he establish? He established the example of re-
sistance. He bade the colonies try their strength.
He showed them that blood was equal to blood,
and that right was right the world over. At Worms,
Luther faced the princes of Germany, and went home,
and the princes hid him, and the Catholics said,
'There is your brave man, that dare not show himself
in the street; what a boaster he is! A ruined man!'
Thus the world always attacks on the eve of one of
those defeats which is a victory. But this is Brown's
position. Dr. Channing said in one of his last essays,
we have glared our swords to our sides; we have
pledged the physical force of the State against the
black man, and in favor of oppression; we are all the
more bound by every Christian and humane consid-
eration to let no opportunity slip for giving our moral
influence in behalf of the slave. That is the way it
lay in Channing's mind. We have given the sword
to the white man; now give our tongues to the black.
John Brown reasoned differently; he was a Calvinist
of the old stamp. That faith is said to be at some dis-
count now; but after John Brown, I think we may
pardon a dozen New York *Observers*. He said, for
sixty years, we have given the sword to the white
man; the time has come to give it to the black.
What right had we to give it to oppression? You say
it is the government; you say it is law; you say
there is a parchment oath hid back there in 1787. He
said to himself, I wonder if, when I go up to God,
when, according to Hindoo phrase, 'Alone was thou
born, alone shalt thou die, and alone shalt thou go
up to judgment'—if, when God asks me, 'What did
you do for those that were in bonds, when I ordered you
to have a heart as bound with them? can I hide myself
under the cobweb Constitution of 1787?' And he
said to himself, Lo! in that hour when I shall stand
before the judgment seat eternal, as an American
with the guilt of two generations of forgetfulness upon
me, I will carry up the gratitude and forgiveness of
the black race in my right hand. If my fathers sinned
by promising to support the tyrant in his tyranny,
I will not put off repentance to my children, but
I will give the best I have, my life and my right hand,
for the service of those whom my fathers forgot. In
1787, Massachusetts said, 'Let me go home and make
money; let me go home and fill my harbors with
commerce; let me hear the noise of the shuttle; let
me see luxuriousness climb up the sides of my hills;
and I swear to forget the bodmen; and to be in the
language of one of the sons that is to be born to me, 'I
will be ready to buckle on my knapsack to put down
the lawless insurrection if it should occur.' And for
sixty years she has stood with her foot on the heart
of the black man. When the slave in his Carolina
hovel was calculating his chances of escape, he brought
into the scale against his hopes the marshalled ranks
of the white men that he was to pass through before
he was to reach the foreign soil. He saw us standing

pledged to put him down. No protest that we could
utter could reach him. Our white faces, under the
Constitution of 1787, were conclusive demonstration
that he had nothing to hope from us. John Brown
has taught him, at Harper's Ferry, that there is hope
for him amid the millions of the North. He has sent
the gleam of a hopeful sun into the hovels of Caroli-
na; he has taught the heart of the bodman to leap
up and thank God for the Mayflower. If he has not
taught the slave insurrection, and I do not think he
has, he has sent him this message: 'There are friends
for you working—abide your time, and help us.' I
think, therefore, he has taught us a great lesson. He
has exemplified a great moral; he has relieved us
from a servility to force; he has taught us to pierce
down to the essence of things. We defy intellect,
till we fancy every man mad, who cannot give three
reasons for every act, and cite seven statutes to justify
raising his right hand rather than his left. But every
now and then some sublime madman strikes the hour
of the centuries; straightway fowls and pedants and blood-
less attorneys insist on proving how the world ought
to be. Still the million hearts will melt, and
looking back over centuries, bated in the sun,
of that great deed, posterity wonders at the blind-
ness which could not see in it the very hand
of God himself.

Of what, after all, is John Brown accused? Might
he not say, in the touching words of Burke, 'The
only charge against me is, that I have pushed the
principles of benevolence and justice too far—farther
than a cautious policy would warrant, and farther
than the opinions of many would go along with me?'
And might he not add with him, 'In every accident
of life, in sorrow, in distress, I will call to mind this
accusation, and be comforted.'
Can you look at that old man, on his pallet on the
banks of the Potomac, can you know what he is there
for, and can you hear his heart itself up to accuse him?
Can you look back to his home, and not encircle it
with your protecting arms? He has taught us the
sacredness of impulse. Men say he will die. Per-
haps he will. That indictment is a rag. It is not
with every thread broken. You might expect it—no
blame to Mr. Hunter. He prepared it when a whole
State was quaking in an earthquake, and had five
minutes to do it. You might as well have asked
a man to model a constitution at Lisbon, during its
earthquake. It is no shame to Mr. Hunter that he
has put on record an indictment with rents in it so
large that you might drive the whole population of
Charleston through it, and not touch either side.
(Laughter.) Every criminal lawyer knows it. Some
men are simple enough to believe that there is pro-
fessional character and legal pride and State dignity
in the Virginia Court of Appeals to sustain the ob-
jections to that indictment. I do not believe it. I do
not believe there is any thing in Virginia but great
swelling words. There is nothing there to make a
judge of out.

If there was any thing there to make a bench of
judges deserving the name, if there was a profession
there that had any professional pride, feeling the eye
of the legal profession upon them, they would seek
that indictment as a disgrace to judicial annals. But
there is not. Virginia, with all her refinements, is too
frightened to know which way she is looking, and if
John Brown was a raving maniac, with both hands
tied, he would be hung all the same. That is his
belief. Any yet every lawyer knows there isn't yet a
thread on which to hang him. Virginia will find
the warrant in her fears. But if he is sacrificed, the
banks of the Potomac will be doubly dear to history
and to man, for the ashes of Washington rest there,
and history will see for ever on its bank that old man
on his pallet arraigned before the pirates. And if
they hang him, the Father of his Country will be
proud to make room for the ashes beside his own.
(Great applause.) And let history add to the record,
that he left wife and daughter, and they found son
and father and husband in the American people, that
never forgot to tend their footsteps and to shelter
them, while God spread them the sight of those in
whose veins the blood of the noble martyr is running.
(Immense applause.)

CLAIM FOR DISCRIMINATION IN TRUTH-TELLING.

The *Evangelist* is distressed at some of the conces-
sions made by Henry Ward Beecher respecting the
(un)veracity of ministers and the (dis)honesty of
church-members. It makes a formal remonstrance to
him on that subject, which is ludicrously compounded
of these two elements, one addressed to the reader,
thus—'What can he possibly mean?' and the other
addressed to Mr. Beecher, thus—'It's too bad of you
to tell!'

Now, each of these considerations might be urged
by itself with a certain amount of effect, but, brought
together in one article, they not only reveal their own
discrepancy, (like oil and water poured into the same
glass), but show that it is the 'galled jockey' that win-
ces, and that the coat cut by the eccentric Brooklyn
artist is the *Evangelist's* back.

This representative of the church says, commenting
on Mr. Beecher's lecture entitled 'Bargain-Makers,'
and crying out when the tender places are touched by
the probe:—
'For instance: he informed his hearers that there
was a great deal of double-dealing in the world, not
only in the counting-room, but in politics, and at the
bar, and then added, with a mock solemnity, 'The
Church is the only place where men speak the truth!'
which, if it meant anything, meant that Ministers of
the Gospel are about as honest as the common run of
men, and no more; and that we are not to expect of
resistance. He bade the colonies try their strength.
He showed them that blood was equal to blood,
and that right was right the world over. At Worms,
Luther faced the princes of Germany, and went home,
and the princes hid him, and the Catholics said,
'There is your brave man, that dare not show himself
in the street; what a boaster he is! A ruined man!'
Thus the world always attacks on the eve of one of
those defeats which is a victory. But this is Brown's
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me, I will carry up the gratitude and forgiveness of
the black race in my right hand. If my fathers sinned
by promising to support the tyrant in his tyranny,
I will not put off repentance to my children, but
I will give the best I have, my life and my right hand,
for the service of those whom my fathers forgot. In
1787, Massachusetts said, 'Let me go home and make
money; let me go home and fill my harbors with
commerce; let me hear the noise of the shuttle; let
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and I swear to forget the bodmen; and to be in the
language of one of the sons that is to be born to me, 'I
will be ready to buckle on my knapsack to put down
the lawless insurrection if it should occur.' And for
sixty years she has stood with her foot on the heart
of the black man. When the slave in his Carolina
hovel was calculating his chances of escape, he brought
into the scale against his hopes the marshalled ranks
of the white men that he was to pass through before
he was to reach the foreign soil. He saw us standing

and for the benefit of the Tract Society, thus made
better than another lie? Is it 'justified' and 'sancti-
fied' by these two circumstances? Is it taken out
of the domain of Mr. Beecher's review and comment?
Another thing that Mr. Beecher means is, what
was said by your representative in the American
Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Rev.
Dr. S. L. Pomroy, Secretary, in his recent visit to
England. In answer to charges there made of a pro-
Slavery position held by the Board, this Reverend
Doctor promptly replied:—'The Board now hold an
anti-Slavery position.' He thus, for the time, si-
lenced those who paid him the compliment of believ-
ing his word. But he knew that, at that moment,
the Board were allowing the admission of slaveholders
to their mission-churches in the Choctaw and Cher-
okee nations, just as you know that, at that moment,
they are allowing the same thing in those of the
Cherokee nation. Neither then nor since has the
Board assumed 'an anti-Slavery position.' You join
Dr. Pomroy in praising the Board, asking contribu-
tions for it, winking its delinquencies out of sight.
But what do you say to this deliberate lie in its be-
half?

Another thing that Mr. Beecher means is, such
things as were said by Rev. Baron Stow, of the Rowe
Street Baptist Church, in his recent visit to England.
There was a natural curiosity felt there among his
Baptist brethren, as well as by the members of the
London 'Young Men's Christian Association,' to
know something more about those 'respectable white
persons' to whom the ownership of the Rowe Street
pulpit, by deed, restricted. The inquiries of these
persons, made in a public meeting, put the Reverend
Doctor in a difficult position. He met the emergency
with courageous promptitude, and changed the im-
pending censure into applause, by saying, as seriously
as if they had been true, these two things: first, as
to the 'respectable white' limitation in the pew-deeds
of his church—that he knew nothing about it—never
had seen it; never had heard of it'—next, as to its
individual self—that he was an anti-slavery man!

What does the *Evangelist* think of statements like
these? Why should they be 'tabooed' subjects, Mr.
Beecher? When he preaches or lectures on truth
and the violation of it, why should his illustrations
be confined to dealers in dry goods and politics,
pure wines and spirits, cream of tartar and calico?
Will the *Evangelist* tell us?—C. K. W.

WORTHY OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

PHILADELPHIA, November 20, 1859.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me to say a few words,
through your columns, in regard to an estimable lady
of this city. I allude to Mrs. Sarah M. Douglass.
She has been known for many years among the
Anti-Slavery people of Philadelphia, as a warm-
hearted, self-sacrificing, intelligent advocate of the
rights of her own race. I venture to say, that but
few among the ranks of reform would be more gen-
erally known throughout the State, at this time, were
it not that a strong dislike to notoriety, amounting
almost to reserve, is an essential element of her char-
acter. As it is, she enjoys the friendship and respect
of many, very many of the prominent friends of the
cause in this city.

Mrs. Douglass has always thought that one of the
best means of elevating the condition of the colored
people is to educate them, and thus strengthen their
self-respect by satisfying them that they possessed
powers equal to those of their oppressors. With her,
the transition from thought to action was easy. What her
conscience and mind taught her was right in principle,
she determined to act upon. Quietly, unobtrusively,
in the early days of her girlhood, she entered upon
her vocation of teacher, and, for more than
thirty years, she has steadily pursued it. Her success
has been great. Several generations of children have
received their education at her hands. Owing to her
well-directed efforts, many colored men and women
now enjoy the respect and esteem that intelligence and
refinement always command.

For several years, Mrs. D. has occupied the situa-
tion of Principal of the 'Preparatory Department' of
the Institute for Colored Youth' in this city. In
this position, it is among her duties to teach reading.
She possesses that rarest of accomplishments, read-
ing well, to an eminent degree—and, unlike many
other tutors, she knows how to convey her knowl-
edge to others. At the late examination of the pu-
pils of this Institute, the admirable performances of
her classes in reading and elocution received the hearty
commendation of all who had the privilege of
hearing them.

For some time past, Mrs. Douglass has been qual-
ifying herself for lecturing on the subjects of Anatomy
and Physiology, and for this purpose has studied sev-
eral seasons in one of the Female Medical Colleges in
this city. During last winter, she delivered a course
of lectures on these subjects to women, some of which
I had the pleasure of attending, and was highly grati-
fied to find that the earnestness of purpose that was
so prominent in her as a teacher of children, was
equally prominent when she performed the part of a
teacher of women.

An scientific knowledge she proved herself the equal
of any lecturer on Physiology that has appeared in
this city, while her literary taste and culture enabled
her to lighten the interest of her naturally interest-
ing subject, by her style and illustration. Her text
is explained by reference to a French Mankin Drawing,
and the many other aids which have become indis-
pensable in treating the science.

The object of this notice is to call attention particu-
larly to Mrs. Douglass as a lecturer. She will, I am
informed, repeat her highly interesting course this
winter.

J. J.

Slaveholders' Lash applied at the Worcester Old

South Daily Morning Prayer Meeting.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 28.—The subject of Slavery
in connection with the case of John Brown was intro-
duced. A brother claiming to be from the South was
led to say, he felt very sorry the subject of Slavery
had been spoken of, that it hurt and wounded his
feelings, that he wanted to meet and talk only about
Jesus; (1) and leave out all matters of contro-
versy, and that the Chairman should call such
brothers who spoke for freedom to order, and not
allow them to proceed. Brother S. G. Debois said,
we see brethren the necessity of confining ourselves
to the Bible text (1) which was first read by the chair-
man; and danger and peril of turning aside on any
matter of division is very great. Another brother
from Cambridge spoke of his late experience, and
told what the Lord had done for his soul, adding
that it began with the Temperance Reformation, and
that he had moved to ask the brethren how rummellers
would feel to hear such reference to their traffic, how
it would affect their piety and their feelings; and
how it was possible for a slaveholder to be any
better friend of Jesus than a Rummeller. I earnestly
hope my brethren who attend this Prayer Meeting
will be faithful, and bear witness constantly to the